THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III. MEREDITH, N. H., MONDAY, JULY 3, 1882. NO. 9.

THE ASSASSIN GUITEAU.

Hung in Washington, D. C., Friday, June 30, 1882, for the murder of President Garfield in Washington, D. C., Saturday, July 2, 1881.

[The above cut was engraved in wood by Charles W. Robie, of New Hampton, a young man who has taught himself in a few weeks enough of that difficult art to do this in a manner that is quite creditable to him. —ED.]

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

The Best, Cleanest and most Economical Hair Dressing.

Never Fails to Restore the youthful color to grey hair. 50c and $1 sizes at druggists.

Floreston Cologne.

A new and exceedingly fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 50c.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 163 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

GET THE BEST A NEW BUTTER-WORKER TRY ONE

We are now ready to offer to Dairymen and to the trade, a HAND BUTTER-WORKER, operating on the principle of direct and powerful pressure instead of rolling, grinding or sifting upon the butter.

We claim that it is the only Butter-Worker which will certainly, quickly and easily, take out all the buttermilk, and which does not and cannot injure the grain of the butter. It works in salt as easily and as well.

THE GENUINE BLANCHARD CHURN GET THE BEST.

Five sizes made for Family Dairies. Four sizes for Factory use. All our goods are of perfect stock and the best workmanship. They are strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. They continue to be the Standard Churns of the Country.

Inquire of the nearest dealer in such goods for a "Blanchard Butter-Working," or a genuine "Blanchard Churn," and if he has none on hand, send postal for Prices and Descriptive Circular to

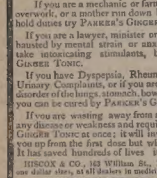
THE INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS, PORTER BLANCHARD'S SONS, Concord, N. H. jesato jun1

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

WILL CERTAINLY CURE

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH DIRECTIONS.



Insert with little finger a particle into the nostrils; draw strong breathe through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

CREAM BALM

causes healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell. Great relief realized by a few applications.

HAY-FEVER

A thorough treatment cures. Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.

Unequaled for colds in the head.

Sold by druggists or by mail, 50 cents. On receipt of price will mail a package. Send for circular containing full information and reliable testimonials.

ELY'S CREAM BALM HAS COMPLETELY CURED ME of Catarrh, of which I have been afflicted over ten years, after trying almost every remedy recommended, none having proved so effective and thorough. S. J. AIKEN, Wholesale Dealer in Boots and Shoes, 143 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

ELYS' CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

PERUVIAN SYRUP AN IRON TONIC

Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or Low Spirits.

STANLEY & AYER,

CONCORD, N. H.

sept1

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Miss Aggie Roberts is visiting in Boston.

Mrs. Julia Hersey of Florida is in town.

Quite a large number of people attended the circus at Laconia.

Ed Cox is driving a fine four horse team.

Repairs are being made at the plow shop.

Fred Blake killed a turtle that weighed 50 pounds recently.

Hezekiah Bickford of Cincinnati, has been visiting his father on Meredith Neck.

Mr. John E. Butler and family of Chelsea, Mass., are stopping at Mr. Robinson's.

O. S. Piper is building a new hose tower for the engine house.

The sidewalk near the residence of Hanson Beede has been planked a portion of the way.

G. M. Burleigh is once more seen upon our streets.

Mrs. C. F. Nichols of Bristol has been visiting her father, Mr. John A. Lang.

John C. Towle is making repairs about his buildings near the cemetery.

Considerable interest is manifested in the coming boat race.

Capt. Lang and party have returned from Moultonboro', having finished their contract on the road to Ossipee Park.

Miss Abbie Bixby has returned to Old Orchard beach and will resume her duties of last season at the Irving House.

Miss Hattie Langley is stopping at Mr. J. A. Lang's.

The Owl Club recently took a moonlight excursion on the Gracie.

Mrs. L. S. Ambrose has sold her buildings on Plymouth street to a Mrs. Thompson of Tilton

Eben Blake is suffering with a bad foot caused by poison from a corn medicine.

An addition is being made to D. H. Crosby's buildings on Main street.

Judge Rollins and wife have been visiting in Dover and Rollinsford recently.

Quite a number attended the graduating exercises at New Hampton and report a good time.

Bert Blaisdell is making his daily rounds once more with the *Union*.

W. T. Phelps has built a piazza to his residence on the Plains and with a new fence and other improvements, it presents a fine appearance.

The telephone line has been connected with Tilton and Franklin Falls.

J. H. Plaisted had his carriage badly damaged by coming in contact with another one when returning from the circus at Laconia. None of the occupants of either carriage were injured.

J. J. A. Reynolds will open a shop in the building occupied by E. W. Prescott's blacksmith shop where he will attend to carriage, sign and scenery painting.

Lang's piano case manufactory and Clark & Co.'s box shop were shut down for a few days recently on account of a bad leak in the penstock connected with the wheel that runs their machinery.

J. S. Robinson is building a new stage in the Town Hall, which is a decided improvement on the old one that has been removed.

The Grand Army Post of Lake Village were brought to this place by the steamer Winnipesaukee on Friday evening, the 23rd, for the purpose of visiting their comrades of George S. Cram Post. They enjoyed an evening of pleasant entertainment and returned to their homes well pleased with their visit.

Mrs. John H. Robinson has been quite ill with diptheria but is now improving somewhat.

A little son of B. D. Plaisted has recently been fishing for black bass in Lake Waukewan with good success.

The Wamesit Engine Company and Meredith Corner Band will participate in the celebration of the Fourth in full uniform.

Thomas Worrall is having a ditch dug to convey water to his residence from a spring nearly half a mile away on the hill. He has also painted his boat house.

Daniel Crosby is happy, having added a new carriage house to his premises.

William McDonald and Dick McAllister have returned from their log driving down the river.

Surveyor Neal has been giving his attention to the bridge over the flume.

Read Blanchard's new advertisement: his stock is large and all fresh and persons visiting Concord would do well to give him a call and prove for themselves that what he says is true. jesa

Edwin G. Cate has recently returned from Boston and has been appointed postmaster at this place.

S. F. Blodgett, of Concord, a native of this town, now in the boot and shoe manufacture, etc., in that city will be here soon for a short time. All persons especially ladies, desiring well fitting hand made articles from measure will do well to leave or send their address to this office and he will call upon them for that purpose. jesa 1t

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cure, coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumptions and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle. je-ly-marl

SWAYNES OINTMENT

AN UNFAILING REMEDY SUCH AS TETTER, ITCH, SORES, ERYSIPELAS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, RING WORM, &c. FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are often affected. As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps. 2 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa.

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's SAMARITAN CURES FITS.

NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Hysterics, Insanity, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases. This infallible remedy will positively eradicate every species of Nervous Derangement, and drive them away from whence they came, never to return again. It utterly destroys the germs of disease by neutralizing the hereditary taint or poison in the system, and thoroughly eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Female Weakness, General Debility, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Ulceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Irritability of the Bladder, For Wakefulness at Night, there is no better remedy. During the change of life no Female should be without it. It quiets the Nervous System and gives rest, comfort and nature's sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Nervous Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the urinary organs. Nervous debility permanently cured by the use of this invaluable remedy. To you, young, middle-aged and old men, who are recovering your sufferings as with a manifesty shame, look up, you can be saved by timely efforts, and make investments to society, and jewels in the crown of your Maker, if you will. Do not keep this a secret longer, until it saps your vitals, and destroys both body and soul. If you are in us afflicted, take DR. RICHMOND'S Samaritan Nervine. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, impart tone and energy to the whole System.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by druggists everywhere, or may be had direct from us. Those who wish to obtain further evidence of the curative properties of Samaritan Nervine will please enclose a 3-cent postage stamp for a copy of our Illustrated Journal of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cure from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed after their restoration to perfect health. Address

DR. S. A. RICHMOND & CO.,
World's Epileptic Institute,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE

WHY YOU SHOULD INSURE IN THE

UNION MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

BECAUSE.

It is an Old Company.

It is a Popular Company.

It has the endorsement of the highest Insurance authorities and the most prominent business and professional men.

Its Policies issued after November 15, 1881, are incontestible after three years from the date of the Policies for any causes except fraud or misstatement of age.

Its Accelerated Endowments provide that whenever the reserve upon the policy and the dividend additions thereto, amount to the sum insured, the policy becomes payable at once as a matured endowment.

It is the only Company that issues Policies giving the benefits of the Maine Non Forfeiture Law and specifying in definite terms by its policy contract that there can be no forfeiture of insurance, by non payment of premium, after three annual premiums have been paid, until the value provided for is exhausted in extended Insurance.

It pays its death losses promptly upon their approval by the loss committee without waiting the customary ninety days and without rebate of interest.

Matthew H. Calvert, Gen. Agt.,
Plymouth N. H.

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A Larger Stock —AND— Greater Variety —OF— Useful & Ornamental Articles Than ever Before at

99 CENT STORE,

Concord, - - N. H.

jan1.'82-1o

Ladies, Save Your Hair Combings.

It will pay you. How? Send to the subscrib or and have them made into a

NICE SWITCH.

Combings as prepared by us by a New Patent Process and made up with no is all one way, are fully equal to the best cut hair.

Price for preparing and making up 50 cts. per ounce.

All kinds of Hairwork made to order on short notice and guaranteed to match a sample of hair sent us, every time, as we give our personal attention to this department of our business.

C. W. WADLEIGH,

140 North Main St., opp. Post Office. CONCORD, N. H.

Je may13m

MRS. J. H. LADD,

Dress and Cloakmaker,

124 Main, opp. Mill Street,

LACONIA, N. H. e

TEBBETT'S

Photograph Rooms.

New and varied back ground scenery.

The best work at reasonable figures.

Copying and enlarging a specialty.

67 MAIN ST., [e] LACONIA, N. H.

J. HENRY STORY & CO.,

DEALER IN

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, and in fact every thing usually found at a first-class apothecary store.

99 MAIN ST., [e] LACONIA, N. H

F. P. STEWART,

(Late J. S. Howe.)

Livery Stable,

Cor. Water and Pleasant Street,

LACONIA, N. H. e

J. F. DURHAM,

Auction & Commission Merchant.

Second-hand Furniture a specialty, for which I pay cash, or take in exchange for goods or work. The Celebrated

Harwood Chair Seating. e

LACONIA, N. H.

M. M. ROBINSON,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods. Repairing a Specialty.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H. e

J. U. FARNHAM,

MABLE WORKER

And Dealer in

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES, MANTLES MARBLE SHELVES, &c.

OPP. TOWN HALL, - PLYMOUTH, N. H.

Millinery.

Having completed our purchases from the latest importations in the New York Market, we can now supply as cheap as any establishment everything in the line of

Flowers, Hats, Bonnets and Ribbons

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Good Assortment of Hair Goods.

All new and well selected.

Mrs. S. F. EVERETT,

caug51y. LACONIA, N. H.

— USE —

Soluble Pacific Guano

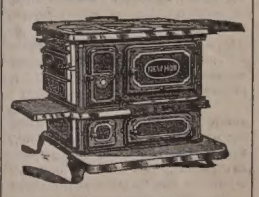
A FIRST RATE FERTILIZER.

For Corn, Potatoes, Wheat, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Vegetables and Flowers, and an excellent top dressing for Grass-land. Please try it, and satisfy yourselves.

For Sale by

DANIEL NORRIS, AGENT.

April 27, 1882. 3me



Special Bargains —IN— STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES,

Tin, Glass, Britannia, Wooden and Hollow Wares, Table Cutlery, And

Kitchen Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing a Specialty.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

"NEW HUB"

Stoves and Ranges,

The best in the World.

J. A. MITCHELL,

111 Main St.

etf LACONIA, N. H.

GO TO

WADLEIGH'S

—FOR—

HUMAN HAIR GOODS.

Largest stock in the State.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

Switches of every shade from plain white to jet black, Wigs, Old Ladies Bandeau, Saratoga Waves, Invisible Waves, Phanix Waves, Wat er Waves, Paris Flirts, Newports, Coquettes, Perfections, Sarah Bernhardts, Butterflies, LaMascotte Scallops, Hats, Puffs, Curls, &c.

Also, hair dressing materials of every description at popular prices.

Prompt and personal attention paid to orders through the mail and otherwise.

G. W. WADLEIGH,

140 North Main St., opp. Post Office. Concord, N. H.

Je 3m n 4t

W. C. SHERMAN,

Opposite Town Hall, Plymouth, is ready for

THE FOURTH

☞ Having recently added a **Large Stock** of

Rockets,	Roman Candles,
Mines,	Colored Fires,
Pin Wheels,	Serpents,
Fire Crackers,	Torpedoes,
Cartridges,	Pistols,
Revolvers,	Rifles.

And everything else required for a

GRAND CELEBRATION.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Silver Ware, Plated Ware,

Gold Goods, Sporting Articles,

Optical Goods, Musical Manufactures.

☞ A Good Quantity and Variety of all the above on hand which will be

SOLD LOW FOR CASH.

☞ Articles purchased will be rapidly

Engraved Free!

In a superior manner before being taken from the store. jesatfjune22

WHITTEMORE & REED,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

No efforts spared to secure and maintain

The Choicest Stock in the City.

We keep as Fine a Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries as any house north of Boston.

Hotel Proprietors and Boarding House Keepers will find it worth while to call and see us.

FLOUR AND TEAS A SPECIALTY.

☞ All the finest lines of Imported Goods from England and France, Including CROSS & BLACKWELL'S well known Delicacies & Staple Goods. Don't send to Boston when you can obtain the same goods from us, at Lower Rates.

38 North Main St., opp. Warren. [mar2 6mjesa] CONCORD, N. H.

SICK DYSPEPTIC OR BILIOUS HEADACHE CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY VIA-SANO

A Medicine recently discovered and used by an eminent physician with wonderful success. All druggists and country stores have it or will get it for you. Also a sure cure for INDIGESTION, Costiveness and Biliousness. Only 50 cts. Trial Bottles, 25 cts. HOME MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

DYSPEPSIA

Furniture and Upholstery.

Since purchasing the Aldrich Furniture Establishment, we have spent three months in refitting the ware-rooms and replenishing the stock, and now have what we believe to be not only the most attractive store, but the most complete stock of fine goods in the State, consisting of

Black Walnut and Ash chamber furniture, painted and ornamented sets, parlor furniture, upholstery goods, furniture coverings, curtain poles, bedding, &c., &c.

The new stock has been selected with great care regarding quality of workmanship and attractiveness of patterns and designs. We believe that our acquaintance with the business, and experience in the manufacture of furniture, enables us to obtain goods of sterling merit, for cash at lowest costs. It will be our constant effort to offer the best goods at lowest prices, and always to serve patrons promptly and faithfully. At the head of our Custom Upholstery Department we have a skillful workman of extensive experience, from one of the largest upholstery and drapery establishments in Boston. We make a specialty of

—REPAIRING and UPHOLSTERING—

old Furniture, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular. Inviting all to visit our store, for the examination of Goods and Quotation of Prices, we remain, Yours very respectfully,

Higgins & Patten,

(Successors to H. H. ALDRICH.)

122 North Main St., opp. State House, CONCORD, N. H.

jesa june16 6m

GO TO

Smith, Lougee Bros. & Co.,

LACONIA,

—FOR—

Ready-Made Clothing!

GO TO

SMITH, LOUGEE BROS. & CO., LACONIA,

—FOR—

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS!

GO TO

SMITH, LOUGEE BROS. & CO., LACONIA,

—FOR—

Colored and Black Dress Goods!

With Trimmings of every description to match.

Smith, Lougee Bros. & Co.'s prices on Sun Shades, Fans, Hosiery, Neck Wear, &c., &c., will be found the lowest.

Great Display of Carpets and Rugs in

Smith, Lougee Bros. & Co.'s

CARPET ROOMS.

Great Sale of Housekeeping Goods!

jelf june 23

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughter aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gaiety with joy on its snowy breast,
Till they first sing looks from the evening sky
And the gold bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
In boyish guise on the listening air.
For love is young though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In two days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away:
And rattling impatient the old roof-tree;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the opened book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the glowing falls,
And bright as the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old church-yard on the green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest:
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's signs,
The sight that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.

—[CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

Two Famous Tenors.

Some years ago a traveler presented himself at one of the hotels on the Boulevard in Paris and asked for rooms. The hostess offered him an elegant suite on the first floor. The stranger glanced at them with the quick eye of a connoisseur, and he immediately secured the rooms.

The day after his arrival came a magnificent Erard, and evening after evening did the new inmate of the handsome abode spend at his piano, with no creature near him, singing and playing with the talent of an artist. His voice was rich and full; and he rendered, with a perfection of feeling rarely met, the most difficult passages of the opera, the score of which seemed to be his constant study, and in which he proposed to make his debut—that of "William Tell." When lost in the enthusiasm of his art, the unknown tenor wandered away into the well-known trio, "Troncar suoi di," those who overheard the entrancing strains might have recognised a wonderful specimen of the rare and envied "ut de poitrine," which, cultivated, suffices to make the fortune of its gifted possessor.

A brilliant reputation had preceded him—a reputation which he was determined to justify. During an entire week our young aspirant never left the house. He worked at his profession with an energy which certainly deserved success, but which still failed to satisfy his own fastidious ear.

One evening, when he had just executed with exquisite taste Rossini's delicious air, he was startled by a thunder of plaudits which seemed but to have been waiting for his last note to burst forth. The sound came from the street, beneath his windows, one of which happened to be open. The performer rose and looked below. He saw before him an immense crowd, who on his appearing assailed him with renewed bravos, mingled with exclamations expressive of their spontaneous rapture.

"I shall succeed," he said, "most unquestionably. I accept this applause as an augury of my reception by the Parisian public. I shall certainly be the first tenor in France."

He had hardly terminated this soliloquy when he heard behind him a dry, not to say sardonic, laugh; and turning round he saw standing at the half-open door a little Italian named Luigi, accredited porter to the house, and being intelligent and honest, often intrusted with commissions of importance by the occupiers. Luigi laughed on till the astonished virtuoso inquired what ailed him.

"Ah, signor," said he, "I laugh, and well I may, to hear you call yourself the first tenor in France! You have not heard all the tenors in France yet, or you would think very differently of your own talents."

"And how many have you heard my good fellow?"

"Signor, I came from the land of song—from the native country of voices, and I can distinguish a true artist as well as any one. Signor Duprez, you have great talent; if you were but to hear a gentleman who is staying in this very hotel, and who also sings in his room, but only at night, you would be charmed just as I am."

Duprez, for it was no other, felt something like a pang of mortification at this check to the hopes of triumph he had just been indulging.

"You mean Nourrit, no doubt. Well, well, Luigi, you are not much of a judge, I see, and you will soon find the Parisian public have a different appreciation from yours."

"No, no, signor, M. Nourrit deserves his fame, but he is not fit to black the shoes of my tenor. You have only to form your own opinion of him."

But here poor Luigi was interrupted in the midst of his gossip by a loud call. "Coming, coming," roared he in the most unmusical accents, and Duprez was once more alone.

"Have I then in France an unknown rival!" said he, "Impossible! I will, and must discard the idea. What can a fellow like that know about it? He has mistaken some ambitious pretender for a star." And dismissing the unwelcome thought, he went quietly to bed.

All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, he was awakened by a sound which appeared to him like some enchantment. He sat up and listened. He could scarcely believe he was not under the influence of some vivid dream, for one of the most thrilling voices he had ever heard was intoning, with an expression impossible to describe, the very air he had been practicing; and he followed, with mingled rapture and despair, the well-known words, "Asile hereditaire."

The quality and sweetness of tone seemed to our artist something more than human. Who could this invisible warbler be? "How," exclaimed he, "after hearing such a rendering as that, can I ever attempt that melody again? Never again shall I be satisfied with myself. I am almost tempted to abandon the joy of my life, and renounce my cherished profession for it is in vain to dream I can ever approach anything so matchless. Luigi was right enough. I proclaim my allegiance—that, indeed, whoever he may be, he is king of tenors. And" the humiliated artist stretched his ear for another strain. But he waited long, and waited in vain. The sweet sounds were hushed, and profound silence resumed her sway.

Early the next morning Duprez arose. He walked out into the corridor and looked for the door of the room whence the magic sounds had proceeded. He fixed on one he thought it must be. He knocked; no reply. The key was in the lock; he opened the door, but his consternation was complete. All was in complete order, the bed was made, the chairs were placed against the wall, the table was cleared.

"How can this be?" cried Duprez, disappointed. "Is there no one here?"

"What are you seeking, Signor Duprez?" exclaimed the little porter, who was picking up the shoes and boots in the passage.

"I am seeking the nocturnal singer you told me of, and whom I heard last night."

"Ah, I see, he's gone. He was only in Paris for a couple of days."

"And whither is he gone?"

"To London, Signor."

"And when does he return?" asked Duprez, anxiously.

"At the end of the London season. But it seems he too overheard you, and he has left his card for you with a message to say he was sorry to go without having the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"His card?" cried the tenor, who, at the news of the departure of his rival, felt as if a mountain had been removed from him, "give it to me, that I may learn whom I have had to do with."

Luigi extended his hand and placed before the eyes of Duprez a small enameled card, on which was inscribed the name of Campanini.

Eskimo Weapons.

If you were to examine the queer weapons by which the Eskimos manage to capture their seals—specimens of them are in the National museum at Washington—you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed ashore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear-handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together, and this they can only do by planting both ends, and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of raw-hide or strips of intestine. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus's skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone, or flint, or (nowadays generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the line, while the handle floats secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, thus making it more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal-hide, or sometimes of braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened hook of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons, and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contribute to his tribe's destruction, and which are marvels of savage ingenuity.

Many of them are used later when the ice breaks up and the Eskimos can go out in their kayaks. The kayak is about twenty feet long, but can be carried by the one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Eskimo squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oilskin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour in "tween decks." But, on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else he must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side—and this he often actually does.

Five Acres Enough.

The Chicago *Breeders' Gazette* says that "in a certain Iowa town there is a stock farm which may be thought worthy of more than a passing notice, since it shows how little, more than careful, intelligent manage nent is needed to make a profitable business of stock growing In this place are five acres, of which one and a quarter are occupied by the house, the garden, and by fruit trees and shrubbery. On the other three and three-quarter acres stands an ordinary village barn and inclosures, in which over a hundred young pigs were frisking about their dams. The latter were all pure-bred Yorkshires, Berkshires and Jersey Reds, and most, if not all of the breeding animals, were winners at the fairs in Iowa and other States. The food throughout the summer consisted largely of a mash made of heavy bran, with but little corn. The pigs from this stock sold for prices ranging from $30 to $35 per pair. The total outlay for food was $650.50, and the total income above the amount paid for food was $1025."

Food for reflection.—Mince pie, cheese, lobster salad. No sleep. Time to think.

Scientific Research.

To keep machinery from rusting take one-half ounce of campher, dissolve in one pound of melted lard, take off the scum and mix in as much fine black-lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

The *Nature* reports that Mr. Barham, an experienced surveyor, is to start soon for Western Africa for the purpose of making a survey for a light railroad from the Gold Coast through the little-known gold mining region of Wassaw. If the railroad is built it will open up a country rich not only in the precious metals but in palm oil, india rubber and other valuable articles of commerce.

A curious electrical phenomenon was recently witnessed during a thunderstorm in France by M. Laroque. The tallest of a group of lillies was enveloped in a diffuse violet glimmer, forming an aureole around the corolla. The light lasted eight or ten seconds. On its disappearance the pollen of the flower was found to have been scattered, evidently by the electric fluid. It is not stated that the lily was otherwise injured by the remarkable manifestation.

The crayon pencils now much used by children have been found to be colored with poisonous dyes. The Dublin *Journal of Medicine* has an account of a child who was taken with all the symptoms of poisoning, for which he was treated with emetics and purgatives. The vomited matter was marked by particles of a green substance containing copper, and the discharges from the bowels bright green fragments. The child was sick for a month. It was found, on examination, that he had eaten a part of a green crayon colored with arsenite of copper.

Attention has been called to some new facts in relation to color blindness. Careful investigations have shown the Chinese and Nubians to be practically free from the defect. Dr. Roberts has observed that color-blindness is most common among persons of reddish or red hair, and it is prevalent among the Jews, who are the most decidedly red-haired of all known races. It is thought probable, therefore, that there may be some correlation of color-blindness with pigmentation, and indirectly with racial peculiarities.

The tides, says *Nature*, are increasing the length of the day. At present, no doubt, the effect of the tides in changing the length of day is very small. A day now is not appreciably longer than a day a hundred years ago. Even in a thousand years the change in the length of the day is only a fraction of a second. But the importance arises from the change, slow though it is, lies always in one direction. In millions of years the accumulated effect becomes not only appreciable but even startling magnitude.

The Correction Box.

Yesterday morning a missionary man came to our Sunday school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It isn't the least use to send five centses to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they wouldn't care about five cents. And there's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button string, we could each give a button, and spend the five centses for candy, and so we'd be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes round, I'll give it to you, Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church, they made me go into the pew first, and father put Johnny beside him next the door, so's we couldn't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's icy Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so't other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my five cents, and then mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece, and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons, and it'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it wasn't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son"—

And then mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is that your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us up stairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.

Odd Bits of Ignorance.

In spite of the advance of education, everyone who has observed his fellow-creatures must be aware that even the educated classes are grotesquely ignorant. We have known a clergyman, and a University man to boot, and a grave fellow, too, and a pious, who, when he visited the Riviera, expressed peculiar interest in the prospect of viewing Nice. "Here," said he, "was held the famous Council of Nice, and in the presence of that blue sea, within the shade of those gray groves of olives, was composed one of the creeds of the Church." This was doubtless a sentence from some future sermon; but we regret to say that, in a thoughtless moment, and obeying a pedantic impulse, we dispelled the illusion and demonstrated that the Council of Nice was not held in the fascinating neighborhood of Monte Carlo.

It is not everyone who has heard of Mr. Darwin. At his recent funeral a distinguished naturalist, fond of conversation, began to chat with a high official of the police force who was helping people to move on in an orderly manner. "Ah, sir," said the inspector, "we have lost a great man—Darwin, the Laureate poet!"

The public is peculiarly ignorant of Bible history. We doubt if a fair percentage of the people you meet in the course of hour's walk could get as near the order of the names in the Old Testament as the little school-girl in Somerset. This West-country blossom of the School Board system was requested to name the earlier writings of the sacred text, which she did thus, and very fluently:—"Devonshire, Exeter, Leticus, Numbers, Astronomy, Jupiter, Jumbo, Ruth." Here the higher criticism dimly detects a vague local rendering of "Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth." Talking of Ruth reminds us of the ignorant lady at the picture gallery. "Ruth and Boaz," she read in the catalogue; "who was Ruth?" Whereupon her companion favored her with a sketch of the plot of Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, ending with the confession, "but I don't remember who Boaz was." An American lady was heard to ask in the Pitti Galleries, "who is that by?" The answer was "Rayphael." "Is he the same as Rayphael Sanzio?" "No: don't you know there are three of them, Raphael, Sanzio, and Urbino."

Educational.

Owing to contact with European nations, or to some unexplained reason, Japan is having a literary boom. Last year 545 works on political subjects were issued, against 281 the previous year.—Law was represented by 255 works, against 209 in 1880. Ethical and moral works have increased from 32 to 93; historical works from 196 to 276; books on poetry and poetical works 491 to 556; books on drawing and writing from 127 to 339. Engineering works have increased 8 to 28, and books on commerce from 70 to 113.

IMPORTANT FACTS FOR PARENTS.—A detailed inquiry as to the amount of study out of school and the health of the pupils has been made by the principal of the Fitchburg (Mass.) high school. It was discovered that the pupils use on an average six and a quarter hours a day for mental exertion, and are in reasonably good health. To the 7 per cent. reported to be injured by over-study an average of three and one-third hours of home study is credited. A recent inquiry in the Cleveland high school shows that during a specified time 25 per cent. of the girls and 18 per cent. of the boys were removed from school for reason of illness. The Boston *Advertiser* declares that in this matter of mental over-work no general law can be enunciated; the prudent course is to have each child directed by the physician, the loss of a diploma being more tolerable than the failure of health.

What "Wife" Means.

Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be housewives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

After all, fashion is wholly arbitrary. In New Zealand the women wear their hair short and the men wear theirs long.

Various Items.

The manufacture of playing-cards is a Government monopoly in Russia, and the only factory turns out 7,000,000 packs a year. All ages and both sexes indulge in the pastime of card-playing to a greater extent than the people of any other country.

Maggie Mitchell's photographs will lose value as souvenirs if she distributes the threatened 15,000 of them next season.

The Texas are congratulating themselves than now, as yellow is the fashionable color, they are in style for once, and the merits of the yellow rose and "yaller dog" are at last appreciated.

There is no need for Fish Commissions in Wyoming and Dakota. A New York *Herald* correspondent has been pulling out of the water speckled trout by the ambulance load, weighing from a half-pound to three and four pounds. What a paradise for knights of the rod and fly!

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thinks that "if the Revolutionary warriors had known it would take $7,460,70 for drinks and cigars to celebrate the centennial of the victory at Yorktown they would probably have given up the fight early in the contest and paid the tax on tea."

The Harrisburg Common Council has voted down a proposition to introduce electric lights in that city.

Guiteau gives evidence of continued sanity. He has commenced saying his prayers.

Immigration last year exceeded the combined population of thirteen of the least populous States in the Union.

The assessed value of property in Texas is $363,000,000, an increase of $40,000,000 since 1880.

General Longstreet has induced three hundred Germans and Swiss to form a colony near Gainesville, Ga.

Six thousand five hundred and twenty-nine dollarsis the amount of the liquor bill that the people have just paid for the Congressional jamboree at Yorktown. It included an item of 180 cases of champagne ($3900), 68 gallons of whisky, 22 dozen sherry, 15 gallons of brandy and $2500 worth of cigars.

The latest dodge among English shopkeepers has been introduced by a firm of dealers in mourning goods. they now employ women as salesmen to travel for the house just like the male commercial travelers, except that the women do not sell to jobbers, but to retail customers, visiting them at their houses. It is a very good plan in England, where so many of the wealthy people live in handsome country houses, but is not likely to prove a success in this country.

A Philadelphian advised his son to aim high in life, and the lad went out and shot a cow. Beef was about the highest thing he could find to aim at.

Don't!

Don't let the weeds get the start of you. Keep the ground well stirred, and not only will the weeds be kept down, but the corps will be greatly benefited by the loosening and comminution of the soil—a more important matter, indeed, than the killing of the weeds.

Don't fail to thin out the fruit, if your trees are heavily loaded. Inexperienced growers are apt to rejoice in the *number* of their apples or peaches. "What a magnificent crop I shall have," is the thought of such a one, as he looks with delighted anticipation upon his loaded trees. But it isn't numbers, but size and quality, that count at harvest-time. Thirty or forty fine large apples are easily worth a hundred or more small, half-grown specimens. Two-thirds to three-fourths of the fruit which sets may often be removed with advantage.

Don't neglect the kitchen garden. If porperly laid out, so that most of the work of cultivating can be done with a horse, the time and trouble required to keep it in order will not prove a heavy tax, and the satisfaction derived will be large. Fresh vegetables in good variety add much to the pleasure and wholesomeness of the table, and if there are children on the farm (that best of all the farmer's crops) it wont lessen their attachment to farm life to be fed plentifully with green peas, sweet-corn, delicious Limas, and other "garden sass" in season, freshly gathered.

Don't forget the garden and orchard insects. Their name is legion. *they* don't forget to be on hand at the proper time, nor to attend strictly to business. Learn what they are. Find out their habits. Keep a sharp eye out for them. Apply the proper remedies so far as you can discover what they are, as promptly as possible. Try to get your neighbors to do the same, and rid the whole "country side" of of them. Combined action will often do wonders in clearing a neighborhood of undesirable visitors. At any rate do your part, and set a good example.

And don't think it lost time to keep the home premises in order. Have a nice yard, not only in front, but all around the house. Keep things neat and tidy, so that wife and children will take pried in the immediate surroundings of the home. A closely-cut lawn, a flower bed or two, a few flowering shrubs and climbing plants, add immensely to the attractiveness of a country home, and pay back a hundred-fold all they cost. There need be nothing expensive or showy in all this. The shrubs may be of the common, homely sorts, such as care mainly for themselves; the flowers may be a "wild garden" admixture, the climbers may be the simple morning-glory or scarlet bean, or the Virginia-creeper or clematis from the woods; there need be no scientific arrangement of beds, or "high art" in the massing of foliage. But if there are evidences of neatness and care, and of a genuine love of the beautiful in what is attempted, the effort will be a success, by whatever means accomplished. More than this, it will invest the plainest farmhouse with a charm to the children growing up in it that will never fade from their memories while life lasts. Wherever they may go in after years, the pretty country home with its bloom and geenery will abide in their thoughts, a precious dream of peace and happiness. For the children's sake, then, if for no other reason, *don't* forget to make the house-yard pleasant to their eyes.

Wouldn't Stand It.

Sometime ago a man from Park City came into the Cliff House considerably excited, and inquired if a certain person was stopping there. He explained that the man had "done him dirt," and he was anxious to lick him. Finding that the man had just left the house, he rushed out after him, and finding him on Tribune avenue, walked up and announced that he had come all the way from Park City to lick him, and accordingly he started in. In a few minutes he had blacked both the man's eyes, walked all over him and reduced him to a general wreck. When he had finished the job, he stood the man up against the wall of Walker's Bank, and remarked:

"I want you to understand that I consider you the most infamous whelp I ever saw. You dirty little cur, I—"

"Hold on," said the man who had just been kicked, taking off his coat. "I think that after thrashing a man you've no right to abuse him. I can stand a licking, but I won't stand abuse from any living man, no matter how much he weighs Now I'm going to lick you."

He was as good as his word, and started in with the most business-like air imaginable and knocked his late victor into the gutter. Every time he got up he knocked him down with. "Blast me, I can't stand abuse." When he got all through with the Park City man the crowd thought it was a pile of rags and mud.

"Now, look here, my friend," said the last victor, "next time you lick a man let well enough alone. Don't abuse him. You handled yourself well enough while you were licking me, but you overdid the abuse."

The Causes and Cure of Old Age.

L. Langer has recently been engaged in the comparative analysis of human fat at different ages. He finds that infants fat is harder than that of adults or old men, that there are oil globules in our fat but none in that of babies; the microscope shows one or two oil globules in every fat cell of the adult, while very few have fat crystals. The fat cells of the infant contain no oil globules, and nearly every cell contains fat crystals. "Infant fat forms a homogeneous white, solid, tallow-like mass, and melts at 45° C.," while adult fat standing in a warm room separates into two layers; the lighter and larger is a transparent yellow liquid which solidifies below the freezing point of water, the lower layer is a granular crystalline mass melting at 36° C. Infant fat contains 67 75 per cent of oleic acid, adult fat 89.80. Infant fat contains 28.97 per cent of palmitic acid, against 8.16 in the adult, and 3 28 of stearic acid against 2.04. These latter, the palmitic and stearic acids are the harder and less fusible, while the oleic acid is the softer and more fusible constituent of fats.

No attempt is made to explain the reason of these differences, or to suggest any means by which we may reharden or repalmitize our fat, and thus regain our infant chubbiness

Old age is evidently due to changes of this kind, not only of the fat, but also of the other materials of the body. The first step toward the discovery of the elixir of life, the "aurum potabile" of the alchemist, is to determine the nature of these changes, the next to ascertain their causes, and then to remove them. If, as we are so often told, there can be no effect without a cause, there must be causes for the organic changes constituting decay and old age. Remove these, and we live forever. The theory is beautifully simple.

An Actor's Dream.

Mrs. Duff and her husband sailed from Boston on the ship New-England for Liverpool on the 4th of December, 1827. Steam packets were yet unknown, and at that period of the year it may be imagined that the voyage was not over pleasant or very speedy. After Mr. Duff had taken his passage, he was disturbed by a dream in which he beheld the destruction by shipwreck of the vessel in which he was to sail. This made such an impression upon his mind that he changed his tickets for those on a packet to leave at a later date, in which he and his wife reached their destination in safety; but in Liverpool he learned that the former ship had not yet arrived, nor was she ever heard of again. The story of this dream has been converted into quite another shape, and has been told in print as follows (by the late Count Joannes):

"Mrs. Duff, after her widowhood, had formed an engagement of marriage with Mr. Conway, the tragedian, who soon after sailed for Savannah. A few nights after his departure the apparent ghost of the tragedian appeared to Mrs. Duff in a dream. On awakening, she wrote down the circumstances, date and hour. Soon news arrived that Mr. Conway had committed suicide by plunging into the sea off Charleston Harbor on the very night and hour of the strange dream." The incorrectness of this version of the story will be at once perceived when it is remembered that Mrs. Duff did not become a widow until April, 1831, and that Mr. Conway had perished in the spring of 1828, three years before.

"I tell you," said the canvasser, "you have no idea of the hard work there is in this business. It is either talking or walking from morning till night." "Beg pardon," replied the victim, "I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now please favor me with an exhibition of your walking part." The canvasser exhibited.

Instincts of Elephants.

If nature has not given intellect to these animals, it has given them an instinct much akin to it. A man has only to hunt them in their wilds to learn how wonderfully Providence has taught them to choose the most favorable ground, whether for feeding or encamping, and to resort to jungles, where their ponderous bodies so resemble rocks or the dark foliage, that it is very difficult for the sportsman to distinguish them from surrounding objects, while their feet are so constructed that not only can they tramp over any kind of ground, whether hard or soft, thorny or smooth, but without emitting a sound. Some of their encamping grounds are models of ingenuity—some of them perfect fortresses. I once followed up a herd and found them in a small forest surrounded on three sides by a tortuous river, impassable for ordinary mortals by re son either of the depth of water, its precipitous banks, quicksands or entangling weeds in its bed, while the fourth side was protected by a tangled thicket, further protected by a quagmire in front. To get at them without disturbing them was impossible; at last, when I did get within shot of the forest, the elephants retreated by the opposite side to that by which I had approached, and after following them for several hours I did not get a shot. The damage done to rice crops, Mr. Sanderson thinks, is exaggerated. It may be so in Mysore, but in Burmah, in many places, it is excessive. While employed on survey work in the Tharawaddie district, I have been followed about by villagers pointing out the damage done and asking for a remission of tax, mistaking me for a revenue officer. No one supposes elephants have the reasoning powers possessed by man; if they had we should be their slaves, and not they ours; but their instinct is wonderful. I will give you a couple of instances: When war broke out with Burmah a lot of elephants were sent across from Bengal to Prome by land, under the charge of Captain Baugh, of the Bengal Twenty-sixth. Among them was a magnificent tusker. He took a dislike to this officer, why was not exactly known. Some said it was because he had knocked off the elephant's neck his mahout; but, be the reason what it may, this brute tried to kill Baugh, and him only, several times. I have seen him thrashed for this several times by other elephants armed with chains, who wielded them much as a drummer does the lash at the halberds; but it was of no use, his dislike was inveterate, he got *must*, would take no food except from a pet female (he had lashed alongside of him) and eventually died at Shoaydoung. As a rule elephants are timid, quiet and inoffensive; but when wounded and closely followed up, or when *must* (periodical fits to which male adult elephants are subject, or females with young), their fury knows no bounds. They dread fire more than anything else; but one elephant belonging to the battery in Assam was an exception, and would assist in putting out a fire. This same elephant would do what I never knew any other to do, viz: when a beast's neck was cut through, all but the vertebræ (it did not matter whether the beast was a buffalo, a deer, tiger or anything else), it would, when ordered, put a foot on the neck, twine the trunk round the head, and, with a wrench, separate it from the body and hand it up to the mahout. I have seen one or two elephants that would hand a dead bird up; but most of them will not touch anything of the sort. Nor would they intentionally tread upon a fallen man or beast; those used for executions in the Guicor's territories—Baroda—have been taught to do so. Some foolish men teach their elephants to trample upon a dead body, and by so doing ruin them for sport. An elephant, unless vicious by nature, will only do so at first with the greatest reluctance, but, after a time, if anything falls before it, it is apt to charge, and if it does not kneel down suddenly and throw the occupant out of the howdah, it gets the animal between its legs and plays a sort of football with it, throwing it backward and forward between the front and hind legs until it is of the consistency of a jelly. Men are occasionally thrown off the back of an elephant; what would their fate be mounted on a beast that had been taught such tricks? An elephant I bought from Mr. Tye had once been cut by a rhinoceros. Nothing would induce her to enter a jungle where one of these animals was; the very slightest scent of one would send her flying. A splendid female muckna belonging to my department cared nothing for a tiger; would kick one out of her path without showing the slightest signs of uneasiness, but if she met a pony nothing could hold her.

In the Wrong Seat.

Taking the Fuss Out of a Crusty Old Fellow.

As you go to Boston and Hartford by way of Boston and Albany railroad, if you take the morning express there are two parlor cars thereunto attached, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, including a porter with a wisp broom in one hand and a place for a quarter in the other. Now these two parlor cars are twins, differing only, as is the case with twins in their manners. The last time I went out that way, which was only a few weeks since, one of these cars was Governor Hawley, and the other was some other governor.

All went well until we reached Springfield. Here the usual halt of five or ten minutes was made, the parlor car for Albany was switched off to its proper train, and we went thundering on to Hartford.

Before we were well out of the depot an old gentleman confronted me. Round faced, well-dressed, quick spoken, a little crusty, and a general air of authority about him.

"Young man," he said, sharply, "out of that."

"Out of which?" I asked, in innocent surprise.

"Out of that chair," snapped the old party. "Come, be lively, I want to sit down."

I was puzzled and annoyed and stammered something about this being a parlor car and—

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "I know all about that, this is a parlor car and you have got my seat. Get up and get out of it now without any more words. Get a seat of your own somewhere, and don't go around appropriating other people's chairs when they have gone for lunch. Get out, young fellow."

I am naturally a bashful man, but I did make one more desperate effort to retain my seat. I said that I had occupied that seat.

"Ever since I got out of it at Springfield," snarled the old man. "I rode in that seat all the way from Boston, and the minute I left it you jumped into it. And now you jump out of it and no words about it, or I will make the car full of trouble for you."

It began to dawn upon me then just how matters stood. In fact I knew, but I was nettled. Everybody in the car was laughing at me, and I do hate to be laughed at. I determined to wait for my sure revenge. He snorted fiercely, and I abdicated without another word in favor of the testy old jumper of claims who thus summarily evicted me, and took my goods and chattels to a seat in the rear end of the car.

Presently along came the conductor to take up the tickets. When he came to the old gentleman, the conductor passed back the ticket he had given him.

"Wrong train, sir," he said. "Get off at next station. This train for Hartford and New York."

The old gentleman's face was a study.

"For Ha-Ha-wa-what!" he shouted. I know better. Told me at Boston this car went through to Albany."

"Lem' see the parlor car ticket," said the conductor briefly. "Yes, that's all right, you're on the wrong car; this ticket for other car. Your baggage half way to Albany by this time. Get off at Hartford."

"Well, when can I get a train back to Springfield?" wailed the jumper of chairs.

"To-night," said the conductor, and he passed on to the next car.

Then I arose. I gathered up in my weak and long suffering arms my hat, overcoat, lap tablet and newspapers, and walked back to that chair and stood before the most crest-fallen man the immortal gods ever pitied. I didn't say anything; didn't make a gesture; I just stood up before him, holding my goods, personal effects and railway chattels in my arms and looked at him. He arose and vamosed the claim. And as I settled down in my recovered possession I made only one remark. I said to the poor old gentleman:

"I thought you would be sorry if you took this chair."

And he marched back and took a seat on the upholstered bench, to the merry laughter of the happy passengers. And the last time I looked around—oh, crowning woe—the conductor was making him pay a quarter for his seat in the palace car.

Instructive and Statistical.

More than half the newspapers in the world are printed in English.

Most of the immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, in the past four months, came from Germany.

One hundred and thirteen national banks have been organized since the first of January, with a total capital of $16,000,000.

The total area of bogs in Ireland is estimated at 2,820,000 acres, nearly one-seventh of the entire surface of the island. Of these bogs there are 1,227,000 acres of flat bog, the remaining 1,254,000 acres are mountain bog.

The lakes and ponds of California, according to a recent census bulletin, cover an area of 1,000 square miles. Tulare Lake is the largest body of water lying wholly within the limits of the United States. It has an area of 650 square miles.

Probably the largest and deepest river in Mexico is the Rio Mescala, which takes its rise not far from the City of Puebla. Passing through the States of Puebla, Mexico and Guerrero, then abruptly winding to the west, it discharges its muddy waters into the blue bosom of the Pacific. Its length is said to be 1200 miles, while throughout its entire course it is very deep. But it can never be rendered navigable, far many abrupt falls and cataracts occur along its course.

A Chicagoan says: "Any citizen who wishes to test the quality of sugar may easily do so. Buy at any drug store five cents' worth of muriate baryta, and dissolve it in, say an ounce bottle of water. Dissolve in another bottle of water the sugar sample, and when it is settled and clear pour into it a half-te spoonful of the baryta. If it becomes milky and cloudy it is safe to say the sugar contains sulphuric acid. If it remains clear it has none. Keep your baryta bottle and try every lot of syrup, molasses and honey in the same way."

The report that Mr. George J. Holyoke, the well-known farmers' advocate in England, was about to come to this country to report upon "co-operation" is a blunder. He has been allowed about $500 from the British Government to come here and make a report upon "emigration." His object is to learn the best fields in this country and Canada for English farmers and laborers, and to supply the fullest information about wages, cost of living and transportation, the best routes, etc.

The Constabulary.

A Parliamentary return has been issued of the number and cost of the "Royal Irish Constabulary," in each year, for the last ten years; from which it would appear that, whereas, in 1873-3, the number of constables was 11,693, and the cost £317,136 6s 1d; in 1881-2 the number was 12,334, and the cost £1,268,332.

THE PIGEON GIRL.

On the sloping market-place,
In the village of Compeigne,
Every Saturday her face,
Like a Sunday, comes again;
Daylight finds her in her seat,
With her "pannier" at her feet,
Where her pigeons lie in pairs;
Like their plumage, gray her gown,
To her "sabots" drooping down;
And a kerchief, brightly brown,
Binds her smooth, dark hair.

All the buyers know her well,
And, perforce, her face must see,
As a holy Raphael
Lures us in a gallery,
Round about the rustics gape,
Drinking in her comely shape,
And the housewives gently speak
When into her eyes they look,
As within some holy book,
And the gables, high and crook,
Fling their sunshine on her cheek.

In her hands two milk-white doves—
Happy in her lap to lie—
Softly murmur of their loves,
Envied by the passers-by;
One by one their flight they take,
Bought and cherished for her sake,
Leaving so reluctantly;
Till the shadows close approach
Fades the pageant, foot and coach,
And the giants in the cloche
Ring the noon for Picardie.

Round the village see her glide,
With a slender sunbeam's pace!
Mirrored in the Oise's tide,
The gold-fish float upon her face;
All the soldiers touch their caps;
In the cafes quit their naps
Gare a, guest, to wish her sack;
And the fat old beadles smile,
As she kneels along the aisle
Like Pucelle in olden while.
In the dim church of Saint Jacques.

Now she climbs her dappled ass—
He well-pleased such friend to know—
And right merrily they pass
The armorial chateau;
Down the long straight paths they tread,
Till the forest, overhead,
Whispers low its leafy love;
In the archways' green recess,
Rides the wondrous dryadess—
Thrills the grass beneath her press,
And the blue-eyed sky above.

I have met her o'er and o'er,
As I strolled alone apart,
By a lonely "carrefour"
In the forest's tangled heart,
Safe as any stag that bore
Imprint of the Emperor;
In the copse that round her grew
Tip-toe the straight saplings stood,
Peeped the wild boar's satyr brood,
Like an arrow close the wood
The glad note of the cuckoo.

How I wished myself her friend!
(So she wished that I were more),
Jogging toward her journey's end
At St. Jean au Bois before,
Where her father's acres fall
Just without the abbey wall;
By the cool well loiteringly
The shaggy Norman horses stray,
In the thatch the pigeons play,
And the forest round alway
Folds the hamlet like a sea.

Far forgotten all the fend
In my New World's childhood haunts,
If my childhood she renewed
In this pleasant nook of France;
Might she knit the "blouse" I wear,
Welcome then her homely fare
And her sensuous religion!
To the market we should ride,
To the kirk go side by side,
Might I warm, each eventide,
In my heart, my pretty pigeon.

The Red Ear.

It was October when I came to the Sumac Farm—red, rare October, with the maple trees all dyed in scarlet, the woodland streams chocked with dead leaves, and the nuts ripening on the chestnut boughs; and I can well remember the thrill which went through all my veins at the sight of the glorious landscape, as the stage driver set me down on the door-step, with my trunk and carpet-bag, just as the sunset, bursting through a shield of lowering cloud, blazed across the old house, painting its eaves with orange light, and turning the small window panes to quivering tablets of gold.

For I had been born and brought up in the city and all this wide, wild landscape, colored with autumn forests and scented with dead leaves, was new and marvelous in my sight.

"Do you like it, Cousin Olga?"

Coquettish like Barbara Blake asked the question, as she flitted to and fro, apparently intent upon the arrangement of the supper table, while all the time she kept a bright eye on Walter Mildmay, who sat by the light mending a defective spot in the harness.

"Very much," I said, quietly.

Walter did not look up, but I could feel his quiet eye on me all the time. I wondered what he thought of me. I thought, uneasily, of my dusty dress, my disheveled hair, the stiff, unbecoming linen collar which I had chosen to wear, instead of the lace frill which best suited my face. Not that I wanted him to admire me; but every woman likes to appear to the best advantage, and I was no whit different from the rest of my sex.

I was a Philadelphia shop-girl. There was no glamour of romance about my life. I worked for my living, like many another, lived quietly in scant and forlorn lodgings, and felt, sadly enough, that my lot in life was to be a chrysalis's rather than a butterfly's—until Fayal & Co. failed, and hearing that I was out of employment, my unknown cousins of Sumac Farm wrote to me to come and spend the winter with them.

They welcomed me kindly after their fashion. Uncle Blake gave me a kiss, and remarked dubiously, that "I didn't favor any of the Blakes that ever he knew of." Barbara, his daughter, wondered why I looked so pale. Jonas brought his pretty young wife—who had been a Mildmay—to greet me; and her brother Walter, who was boarding there, also shook hands politely with me, and "hoped I should like the country," in an indifferent way.

The fire of huge logs blazed and crackled in the deep, smoke-blackened chimney-place, and the leaves rustled against the doorstep outside, and a cricket chirped shrilly under the hearth, and it was all so strange—so strange, yet so restful!

After supper they left me all alone, Mrs. Jonas Blake went out to skim the milk. My cousin and his father vanished to attend a "District School Meeting" somewhere. Walter and Barbara had been invisible for some time, and after sitting dreamily for awhile before the fire, I rose and went out into the kitchen beyond, vaguely desirous of some companionship besides my own.

No one was there, but I heard the sound of voices in the shed at the rear, where Barbara was holding the light for Walter Mildmay to sharpen some edged tool on the grindstone. Unwittingly I advanced toward the door just in time to hear their words:

"A stiff, ugly old maid," said Walter, indifferently. "A little higher, Barbara, please. If that is the sort of girls they turn out in Philadelphia, I prefer the country specimens."

I stood rooted to the floor, feeling myself grow hot all over. They went on talking and laughing, but I did not hear a word that they said.

Noiselessly I crept back into the house up to my own room, lighted the candle, and looked into the little, muslin draped glass that hung over the home-made dressing-table.

Stiff, ugly, and an old maid! The latter I certainly was not, at four-and-twenty. Stiff, I might be—who could avoid that, in the presence of utter strangers, surrounded by a domestic atmosphere that was entirely novel to me? And ugly—was I that? I looked into the glass, to see hair braided straight back from a pale oval face, eyes heavy with weariness, cheeks quite colorless. Did he think I always looked like that? He should see.

So I went to bed, and cried myself to sleep.

The next morning, I got up and dressed myself with care. I brushed the soft, crimped masses of jet black hair away from my temples, and fastened a spray of coral red berries which I had gathered on the roadside into it, and knotting my loose scarlet silk necktie under my lace collar, I smiled to see the soft glow of color that was returning to my cheeks, the brilliancy of my eyes.

My dress was of black cashmere, enlivened here and there by a bow of scarlet ribbon, instead of the gray traveling suit I had worn the evening before and it fitted me as if I had grown into it.

"I don't think I am quite so ugly as I was last night," I thought. "But if Mr. Mildmay don't like me, of course I cannot help it."

So I went down stairs, Uncle Blake stared at me over his spectacle glasses.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Jonas; "what has the girl been doing to herself?"

"Some one must have changed her off while she slept!" said Barbara running up to me and giving me a kiss.

Walter Mildmay said nothing; he only drank his coffee.

How I enjoyed the next fortnight! The weather was beautiful and balmy beyond all description. We had nutting expeditions, and boating parties, and long walks to gather brilliant autumn leaves. At nigh we sat around the blazing logs, and on the few rainy days, Mrs. Jonas showed me how to make butter, and Barbara took me up into the great garret, where there were chests of old relics, piles of books and papers, and all the antique belongings of a whole century of Blakes.

But all this time, Walter Mildmay kept his quiet distance; and to save my life, I could not tell whether he still thought me a "stiff old maid," or not.

And then came the husking frolic.

The barn was illuminated by candles, stuck in tin sconces, along the sides—I had never seen so wild and romantic a sight. The neighborhood gathered to the gala. Mrs. Jonas and Barbara had been baking cakes and buttering sandwiches all day, while Uncle Blake had rolled a barrell of sparkling new cider close to the barn door. Merry laughter sounded, bright faces glanced to and fro in the Rembrandtesque light of the candles, while ever and anon, the tone of flute and fiddle-tuning up in the barn loft was plainly audible.

I had been helping Mrs. Jonas to put the icing on the big fruit-cake which held the ring, and as it was late when I came into the big, sweet-smelling barn with my black cashmere dress all sprinkled with cherry-red bows, and a cluster of deep scarlet autumn leaves in my hair.

"Here's Olga!" cried my Cousin Jonas, cherrily. "Come here, little Olga and sit by me and I'll give you some ears to husk."

I laughed and nestled down into the hay, close at his side; and just at this moment a storm of merry laughter rose on the air.

"The red ear! the red ear!" they cried, in chorus, clapping their hands and cheering vehemently. "Walter Mildway has got the red ear!"

I looked up at Cousin Jonas, in bewilderment.

"What is a red ear?" said I.

Cousin Jonas laughed.

"What a little greenhorn it is!" said he. "The red ear is——"

Just then Walter Mildmay came up and stood before me, the rich maroon-colored ear of corn in his hand. He laid it at my feet.

"I claim my privilege, Olga," said he.

I looked at him in amazement.

"I don't understand you," said I.

The next moment he had stooped over me, and putting both hands lightly on my shoulder, had imprinted a kiss upon my astonished lips.

I sprang up, feeling myself grow scarlet; I rubbed my lips passionately with my handkerchief, as if to wipe off the insult.

"How dare you?" I cried. Oh I'll never forgive you in the world—never, never!"

And then, half maddened by the noisy laughter of the crowd, the din of jubilant voices, I tore myself from Jonas Blake's detaining hand, and flew out into the starry cold of the outer air. Mrs. Jonas followed me.

"Olga, what is the matter? Come back, child," she cried.

"He has insulted me!" I sobbed.

"Insulted you? Oh, what nonsense, Olga!" said Mrs. Jonas, putting her arm around my neck. "He has paid you the highest compliment a man could pay to a woman. There's not a girl in the barn to night but envies you, child. Don't you know what the red ear means?"

"No," said I, looking up with wondering eyes.

She laughed.

"It means that the lucky finder thereof is entitled to kiss the prettiest girl in the room," said she. "It has been his privilege from time immemorial; and in this it means that Walter Mildmay thinks Olga Blake is the prettiest girl in all that crowd of rustic beauties."

"Olga, you are not really angry with me?"

It was Walter's voice, close to me. Mrs. Jonas made some exclamation about the cake she promised to cut, and slipped away into the darkness, leaving us alone.

"Angry?" I repeated. "Yes, I was angry. I didn't know—no one had told me—"

"About our rustic usages? But you will forgive me, Olga?"

My presence of mind was slowly coming back to me. I drew my hand from his.

"But you didn't seriously think me—pretty?" said I.

"Do you want me to say what I seriously did think?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, laughing. "The truth now the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Then," said he, "I thought you was the sweetest, prettiest, most actually perfect creature that Providence ever made!"

"Not at all," I replied, demurely, "I am a stiff, ugly old maid. And if this is the sort of girls they turn out in Philadelphia, you prefer the country specimens!"

I could see the color flood his face, even in the starlight.

"Olga, did you hear that?" he asked.

"I did hear it, Walter," I responded.

"I was a fool—a rash, indiscreet fool!" he said. "Whatever my first impression may have been, I think very differently now. Dear Olga, may I say all that is in my heart?"

"I think we had better go back to the barn now," said I, quietly.

"And I think we had better not," pleaded Walter, gently restraining me. "Listen, Olga. Even the most wretched criminal that stands at the bar is entitled to insist upon a hearing in his own defense. Shall I be less favored than he?"

"Well," I hesitated, "if you have really anything to say——"

When we came back into the barn, the husking was over, the debris was all cleared away, and they were dancing to the rude music of the band—"Killarny," I believe was the air. My cheeks were burning, my eyes shone; my heart danced also to the wild, swaying music.

Mrs. Jonas looked keenly at me.

"Ah," she said, "I thought it would be. You are—engaged? I am so glad for, for your sake and Walter's, too."

"And so am I," said I quietly.

I am a farmer's wife now, and live in a little brown cottage near Sumac Farm. And, fancifully tied with blue ribbon, over the parlor mantle, hangs an ear of corn—a red ear.

And Walter says that as long as both of us live we shall have a yearly husking frolic in the new barn we are building.

The Pleasant Mozo.

The "Mozo" is a personal servant or valet, and a very useful appendage to have in traveling around over the country away from the main lines of travel. He takes all the care of the camp, taking care of the animals, cooking, etc., off his master's mind, and in passing through the settlements he can save the price of his wages (which is generally four bits a day) in buying eggs, chickens, etc., for food, and feed for the animals at the regular rates where the ignorant foreigner accustomed to American ways would get cheated and worried on all occasions.

Then Mexico is a country in which appearances go a long way toward securing consideration and comfort. The man with a mozo is supposed to be a man of business, who understands the ways of the country, and can't be imposed on with impunity. All mozos are supposed to be honest and trusty to a certain extent; of course, all Mexicans of the lower class have a limit to their pride of honor, though one can generally be sure of those qualities (with a limit) if the mozo has been secured by a responsible business man, who has lived some time in the country. It spoils a mozo to treat him as an equal, and it is much better for both master and servant if the man cannot speak half a dozen words of English. No man should go rambling around over the country without a knowledge of the Spanish language.

Some Americans in traveling with their mozo give him all the money they take on the trip, and let him so understand it that he may be put more on his professional pride, and at the same time, if he is not to be trusted, it saves him the disagreeable necessity of killing his master while he sleeps, if he intends to rob him, as he can leave with the funds at any time. We know of cases where it was made a rule, when a party of two or three Americans was traveling with a trusty mozo, that at no time should all the Americans go to sleep at once, especially at the midday siesta. While they trusted they didn't intend to tempt. It was only last October that an American and his wife, traveling from Inde to Durango, with a mozo they had brought with them from El Paso, were both murdered by the trusty mozo while they slept and that was the end of it. The mozo took all the money they had and escaped. The authorities took but little interest in the matter. No reward was offered, and he has not yet been captured.

Keep Your Hands Out of Your Pockets.

Boys often have a most careless and sometimes dangerous habit of walking with their hands in their trousers pockets. One day, not long ago, a man near Bay City, Michigan, was crossing some ice, and his hands were thrust into his pockets down to the very bottom. Here is what happened to him.

He suddenly broke through and the ice shut about him in such a way as to pin his arms to his sides. He saved his life by hooking his chin over the edge of the ice, thus keeping his head above water. But his whiskers froze fast, and when rescued, they chopped off a bit of ice which clung to his face.

Tramps and Their Houses in England.

All regular tramp-houses—there are irregular ones with peculiar and noteworthy features—are licensed taverns, spirit houses, or, as the phrase goes on the road, "bingo kens" (from Italian *bianco*, white, the color of gin). Most of these licenses are very old indeed, and some are the oldest in the kingdom. Every one of these houses is known far and wide. No tramp, let him come from where he may, ever enters a town without very definite ideas as to the house where he is to put up. He has learned all about it—ay, a hundred miles off; and he goes to it as readily, and, when inside, conforms as smoothly to all its ways, as though he had been born within its precincts. The custom of such a house is constant. The tramp stream thither is perennial, and maintains about the same level season after season and year after year. This kind of people, indeed, will halt here and nowhere else so long as the house continues to maintain its reputation among them; and they are a much more profitable company than most people would imagine. In a great many instances the tramp-house is managed by the same family for age after age. There is one—the Goat, or, as the genuine tramp prefers to term it, the Welsh Buffalo—at W——, which has been held by the same people since the days of the Long Parliament, as records in the possession of the landlord show. They are just the sort to conduct such a house successfully. In stature the family has always been gigantic; a little too stolid and surly, perhaps, but in temper and tastes tramp all over. For one thing, nobody ever heard of a regular marriage taking place among them. The eldest son takes over the house during the "old man's" life. The younger sons, as a rule, join the police in their native town or elsewhere, but by preference in London. Wherever they settle, however—and the fact is worthy of notice—they remain to the last in the full confidence of the fraternity among which they have been brought up.

It is the landlords of these tramp-houses who keep up the vagabond organization, and who renew and circulate its signs and passwords from time to time. The vagabonds themselves could not do it, and never think of doing it. It is difficult to give an idea of the beggar password and sign system; but we will do the best we can. It has no common centre and no uniformity. There may be, and probably there are, fifty different sets of them in use in England. Each has its own domain, and these domains intersect one another in curious fashion. These landlords form small circles among themselves according to contiguity; and a dozen to twenty of these small circles will form one great one. A great circle of tramp landlords—perhaps it were better to call it oval—may spread fifty miles along one of the great highways and ten to fifteen miles on each side of it. And so far the set of signs and passwords in use therein are good for three months, when they are regularly changed. A free tramp pays threepence for the sign and password every time they are renewed. All he has to do on these occasions is to go to any landlord of the right sort, give in the old sign and password in due form, and pay his pence. And he has to pay again every time he enters a new circle. Experience teaches him very well the precise bounds of each. However, when he manifests ignorance on this point, he is very soon set right by the landlord, and must purchase the freedom of the new circle in the usual way. He meets with little difficulty here, provided the pence are forthcoming. For the tramp landlord can tell in an instant, by the word and sign given by the tramp, whether the latter is one of the right sort or not. Password and sign, indeed, serve, among other things, as a means whereby tramp landlords levy a tax upon vagabonds all over the country.

The uses of this vagabond freemasonry are manifold. It teaches the vagabond whom he may safely consort and traffic with everywhere. The man who gives the right response to mystic word and sign is invariably the one in whom confidence may be safely reposed. On the roadside the exchange of these tokens is immediately followed by a free exchange of recent experiences, to the benefit of both parties. Nor is this all. The vagrant out of luck is entitled to all the assistance his more fortunate brother can render, and invariably receives it. A fortunate vagrant never objects to picking up a brother in bad plight and treating him to supper, bed and breakfast, besides starting him on his next day's journey with a few pence in his pocket. The uninitiated vagrant notices, as he cannot help noticing, the constant use of these signs and countersigns on the road, and the effects that follow them in numerous instances. He often sees a fellow as badly off as himself picked up and made much of by a perfect stranger, and for no reason on earth that he can see, except that one addresses another with an apparently unmeaning catchword. He picks up the word and employs it on all occasions, in the hope that some time or other it may bring the like fortune to himself. Other silly ones catch it from him, and use it, for no reason at all that they can give, as a salutation. Thus spread over the country such phrases as: "Have you seen Simpson?" "Is Murphy right?" "Is your father working?"

The Church Temporal.

It has been found desirable to appoint a special committee of the Reformed Classis of Illinois to assist the large number of Hollanders who have immigrated to Eastern Dakota, in forming churches.

The Eastern Primitive Methodist Conference of the United States reports an increase of 194 members during the year, the whole number being 2,157. The whole value of its church property is about $370,000.

It is proposed to erect a suitable monument over the remains of Hester Ann Rogers and of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, the first president of the Wesleyan Conference after Mr. Wesley's death, which lie in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Birmingham.

The latest heretical tendency discovered in the Congregational denomination is one toward ritualism. "Were there not candles on the speaker's table at the recent festival in Faneuil Hall?"—quietly remarks *The Congregationalist*.

The 156th anniversary, on June 4th, of the birth of Philip William Otterbein, the founder and first Bishop of the United Brethren Church, was appropriately observed in all the churches of that denomination.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, recently in session at Springfield, had among its members a Dr. Hornblower and a Dr. Stillman. The former was rarely heard in the discussions, while the latter made some of the longest speeches.

A London paper says: "In the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there are about 40,000 places of religious worship; while it appears to be a well ascertained fact that for every 1,000 persons attending the house of God above 2,000 are to be found on Sunday in the public-house."

St. John's Episcopal Church, Hagerstown, Md., was consecrated on June 7th. In some respects it is considered one of the finest church buildings in Maryland. The corner-stone of the edifice was laid in 1873, and the building first occupied in 1875. The memorial tower and spire were erected at a cost of upward of $30,000 by Mr. C. C. Baldwin, of this city, in memory of his wife, Sallie Roman Baldwin.

The Examiner recently offered *The New-York Christian Advocate* $100 if it would "prove to the satisfaction of three scholarly men, standing in Evangelical denominations, that the Christians of the apostolic age understood the word *baptizo* to have any other meaning than dip, plunge or immerse." *The Advocate* thought the sum not big enough, and suggested $20,000. *The Christian Register* takes both papers to task for betting on the meaning of the word, and thinks it somewhat odd to decide a matter of scholarship after this method.

The Congregationalist regrets that the Pilgrim Society at its late annual meeting in Plymouth voted to return to the use of the false date for its anniversaries. A little persistence in favor of the 21st of December as "Forefathers' Day," it thinks, would have carried it, and secured a self-consistent and honest arrangement for all coming time. "With all respect to the society, and its tenderness for the error of the past and the fathers walking therein, we think they have made a mistake which, in its consequences, will be a sad one. Truth is always best—and surely history furnishes no exception to that rules.

The conflict between Church and State in Baden has continued for nearly thirty years. It arose from the refusal of Mgr. Vicari, the then Archbishop of Freiburg, to celebrate a Requiem Mass in the cathedral for the repose of the soul of the Grand Duke Leopold, who had died a Protestant. Upon the death of Archbishop Vicari in 1868 the Government interposed a *minus gratus* to the election of a successor. The suffragan bishop, was compelled to reside outside his diocese died last year, and the Government have quietly acquiesced in the election of his successor, Mgr. Obin, lately vicar-capitular of Freiburg.

A Few Good Ones.

"Prisoner, what is your age?" "Come, Judge, no fooling. You know it as well as I do. Five years more'n last time."

Spurgeon tersely claims that "a man had better be among lions than among liars." An open foe is not to be so much dreaded as a secret, plotting enemy.

The wife of a locomotive engineer was in considerable trouble at a crowded party the other evening. She had misplaced her switch and could not manage her train.

The story is new, but it is not bad, that is now going the rounds of the Parisian press, to the following effect: A youth to fortune and to fame unknown sends Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborateur. Dumas is for a moment petrified, then seizes his pen and replies: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post—"How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail—"Send me your play, my young friend."

Marshes and Malaria.

The opinion formerly so prevalent, that malaria exists only, or chiefly, in marshy soil, appears to be successfully combatted by Professor Tommasi, who sites as evidence not only that the Campagna of Rome is not really marshy, but that, speaking roughly, two thirds of the malaria-stricken districts of Italy are situated on heights. He refers to the well-known fact, that sometimes the surface of these districts is completely dry during the summea, but the production of malaria in them goes on just the same, provided they are kept moist below the surface by special conditions of the subsoil, and the air can reach the moist strata by pores or crevices in the surface. The investigations made by M Tommassi and others further show, that the direct action of the oxygen of the air is so necessary to the development of the microscopic plant to which the malaria is due, that the most pestilential marshes become innocuous when the soil is completely covered by water; pavements, buildings and the like, may act in the same way, and arrest the development of the plant by cutting off the necessary supply of oxygen—but if, even after the lapse of years or of centuries, communication with the outer air is restored, while the other conditions remain the same, the soil recovers its noxious properties.

Gems of Sentiment.

Hearts agree; minds dispute.

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

The Call Of the Partridge.

The fields are wet, the fields are green,
All things are glad and growing,
And fresh and cool across the pool
The gentle wind is blowing.
The' humid clouds yet fill the sky,
The rain has ceased its falling,
And from his tall across the swale
I hear the partridge calling,
The spotted partridge calling.

Thro' the silence not a note
His listening ear is greeting,
But hear, O hear, how loud and clear
His call he is repeating.
What pleading lingers in his tone,
What tenderness revealing!
O, soft and sweet across the wheat
A timid answer's stealing,
The timid answer's stealing.

STELLA A. GANONG.

Friendship survives death better than absence.

He who despises woman, despises his mother.

Gravity is the rind of wisdom, but it is a preservative rind.

Arbutus.

Under the winter snow,
Under dead leaves below,
Where brooks in secret flow,
To the bare earth there cling,
Heavy with scent of spring,
Tinged like dawn's flushing hours,
Fragrant Arbutus flowers.

Under the snow of years,
Under the weight of cares,
Watered by secret tears,
To the bare heart there cling,
Heavy with scent of spring,
Sad thoughts of sunny hours,
Memory's Arbutus flowers.

M. W. G.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

A Song.

Where, from the eve of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through the tangled woods away
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silent mist that breaks
From out that woodland cover
Betrays the hidden path it takes
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

LONGFELLOW, 1826.

Simeon adopted the following rules for the conduct of his life: 1. To bear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expected towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given of the matter.

Have Patience.

Some parents and teachers seem to think praise a dangerous thing for children. While reticent in commending they are voluble in blaming. Like Iago, they are "nothing if not critical." Mr. William Matthews tells an anecdote which illustrates the lack of penetration in some parents and teachers. A boy was brought one day to General Salem Towne, labeled as an incorrigible dunce. No master had been able to make him learn, and if Mr. Towne couldn't he should be apprenticed to a trade. Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him. The boy soon made a mistake and instantly dodged, as if frightened.

"Why do you do that?" asked the master.

"Because I was afraid you were going to strike me."

"Why should you think so?"

"Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake."

"You need not fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of teaching boys who do as well as they can."

Under the wise teacher's judicious encouragement the boy showed so much intelligence that he was sent to college. In after years he became a lawyer, an editor, a judge, a governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of War and of State. That boy was William L. Marcy, of New York.

A Pest of Rabbits.

New Zealand has suffered grievously from these gentlest of furry foes. About twenty years ago a colonist brought seven rabbits from the old country to his new home at Invercargill, in the southern isle. It was thought that to turn these adrift on the bleak sandhills along the coast could not fail to prove a benefit to the colony. For some years this enjoyed excellent shooting on the links (as swered capitally, and the colonists enjoyed such a seaboard is called in Scotland). But ere long the rabbits increased to such an extent that they cropped every blade of grass and even devoured the roots, which alone bound the light sandhills and prevented them from blowing over the better soil inland. Very soon this evil occurred, and the land was greatly injured. Then the farmers on the seacoast began shooting and trapping in earnest; but by this time some more rabbits had been imported to Otago, and from these two centres the mischief rapidly spread. Considering that each rabbit breeds eight times a year and produces an average of six young at each litter, it is easy to perceive how rapid must be their increase. On the other hand, their human foes are few, the settlers in the interior living eight or ten miles apart—a lonely life, in truth, where perhaps half a dozen men herd the flocks which ran over 50,000 acres. It became evident that these shepherds could never check the progress of the evil without assistance, so men were hired to ferret, trap, shoot, or worry the invaders. These men traveled with large packs of dogs, numbering from one to two dozen. They were paid at the rate of 2d. a skin. It was, however, soon found that the sale of skins fetched less than they cost, while the presence of strange dogs disturbed the sheep and often resulted in their being worried. The sheep-runs being in general tracts of Crown land, merely rented by the farmer for a limited term of years for the purpose of rearing stock, it was found in many cases not to be worth the expense of attempting to cope with the mischief. One cure after another was tried, such as stopping the burrows with cotton-waste saturated in bisulphide of carbon, but all were successively given up as useless efforts to meet so wide-spread an evil. In many cases it was found that the land could no longer support one fourth of its former number of sheep, so the holders were absolutely compelled to throw up their leases and abandon their runs. The extent of the ravages could hardly be credited were it not for the cut-and-dry statistics of the Rabbit Nuisance Committee. I may quote a few items from the evidence of many gentlemen owning large sheep-runs in the Provinces Otago and South Canterbury. Many begin by stating how incredulous they were at first that rabbits would even take to the new country sufficiently to afford them sport. All too quickly their eyes were opened. For instance, in South Canterbury Messrs. Cargill and Anderson killed 500,000 rabbits by poison a year ago, but in the following spring their sheep run was just as densely peopled by them as though not one had perished. Mr. Kitchen states that he kept nearly a hundred men working as rabbit-killers for four months, and succeeded in clearing his land. Now they are worse than ever. Mr. Rees say that he killed 180,000 last year, and his employer, Mr. R. Campbell, expended £3000 in one year in attempting to keep down the pest on his runs of 168,000 acres. Still the plague spreads, and the whole land from Waitaki to Foveaux Strait is more or less infested with rabbits Many districts are just a vast warren, on which it is impossible to keep sheep at all. Mr. R. Campbell alone has been compelled to abandon 250 000 acres, chiefly in Southland and Wallace counties, and on the North Maria Lake and Greenstone Valley several other sheep farmers have also been forced to abandon runs of from 15 000 to 16,000 acres. Many estates, though less seriously injured than these, have still suffered so greatly that their value is immensely deteriorated. Eight runs, which formerly brought in a rental of £1000 per annum, now let for £170. The Burwood Run is instanced as one which used to carry 80,000 sheep, but now barely provides food for 24,000. In 1878 the total number of sheep in the colony was upward of 13,000,000, in 1879 it was reduced to about 11 500,000, and this decrease, though now considerbly checked, has continued. The loss on the exports of wool and is estimated at £500,000 per annum. On the other hand, in 1879 there were exported from New Zealand upward of 5,000,000 rabbit skins—value, £46,759—and in the following year upward of 7,000,000 rabbit skins sold for £66,976.

Some New Hotel Rules.

Rates $3 a day.

Any hints about slop-coffee will be charged at the rate of twenty-five cents per hint.

No extra charge for damp sheets. Rheumatism always on hand.

Our beefsteak is cast to order at one of the largest foundries in the country, and can always be depended on as fresh.

Our meat cook is an old, experienced miner and sapper, and is provided with picks, crowbars, torpedoes, fuses, etc.

Guests who wash their shirts in the waterbowl will be charged twenty-five cents each. We cannot encourage cleanliness in this hotel.

Children will not be allowed to play in the hall. A beautiful mill pond will be found two blocks below to drown them in.

We call special attention to our beds. The mattresses are made of the best quality of scrap iron, and the pillows are warranted to be of hard wood and thoroughly seasoned.

The carpets in the bedrooms have been use upwards of twenty-five years. We can therefore recommend them without reserve.

Parties who look as if they might find fault with our particular brand of butter will please pay in advance.

To call a servant—press the button quickly. If you don't get one under an hour and half you may know that the bell is out of order.

The towels furnished guests are the invention of a Wisconsin man. They are warranted superior to any other shingles in the market.

There is a safe in the office for the storage of money and valuables, but in case the night clerk skips with the pile the hotel is not responsible.

Sour oranges, cheap raisins, and wormy apples carried to rooms will be charged extra!

Guests desiring hay seed mixed with their tea will please give notice at the office. Otherwise it will be all hay seed.

Please report any inattention of servants. We expect you to fee the porter, steward, chambermaid and waiters, to pay double for boot-blacking and barbering, to put up with flies, dust, dirt and other trifles, to pay fifty cents to ride up and as much more to get back to the depot, but inattention of servants is something we can't permit.

The Pequot Indians.

A remnant of the once powerful Pequot race still maintains a tribal organization in Connecticut. Schaghticoke, the ancient seat of this people, is situated in the town of Kent, under the Schaghticoke Mountain, in the middle valley of the Housatonic. Schaghticoke now consists of six little brown, clapboarded, one-story houses, tenanted by some seventeen persons, and the whole tribe numbers about fifty. The reservation of three hundred acres comprises Schaghticoke Mountain, valuable only for its timber. Vinnie, the aged queen of the tribe, is nearly white, earns her living by basket-making, and is a member of the nearest Congregational Church.

Railroad Progression.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

This company is making large extensions of its terminal facilities at Philadelphia for foreign shipment. Within a few weeks the old navy yard improvement south of the American steamship wharves will be put into use by that company, and will give a surface of about 70 acres for piers and storage purposes, with five piers (including the present steamship wharves) having a river frontage of 2,000 feet and a wharfage line of 6 000 feet, with all the necessary tracks, sheds and warehouses. The great improvement, however, is at Girard Point, by the storage company, where the large elevator will be completed in July, and the other one in September, ready for the business furnished by the year's new crops. These elevators will have 2,500,000 bushels capacity, and with the old elevator, at Washington street wharf, and the Port Richmond elevator of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, will give the port storage for 4,000,000 bushels of grain in elevators, besides, at least, as much more on tracks. The Girard Point improvements contemplate four docks, each 2,000 feet long, with a water surface widening from 100 feet at the land end to 200 feet at the river. These docks are at present being dredged for a length of 1,000 feet, and, when completed, will be 25 feet in depth throughout, and give dockage room for 24 of the largest vessels of modern commerce to load and unload at the same time. There will be the necessary stores and sheds to accommodate all kinds of freight, and four miles of tracks for storage purposes in the yard, which covers about 95 acres, and can thus hold 3,800 loaded cars with freight awaiting shipment. Over $1,000,000 has already been expended on the improvements at Girard Point this year. The amount of storehouse room required for cargo is consumed in providing for the big ships of the present day. The cargo from one of the larger steamers of the American Line will more than fill a shed 500 feet long and 50 feet wide, so that immense piers have to be provided if a large traffic is conducted. The Pennsylvania Railroad is now shipping very large amounts of coal from the Greenwich piers, which are a busy place. When the present plans of the company are completed they will make Philadelphia the best arranged port on the seaboard in its terminal facilities for foreign shipment, and will accommodate an enormoce trade. The Philadelphia of the early future will see the old Navy Yard, Greenwich Point and Girard Point as very busy maritime ports, the facilities for access both by car and ship being now first class.—*Railway World.*

The Inductophone.

If a large tuning fork with springs for making and breaking contact and a large flat coil or disk, or rather thin silk-covered wire, are placed in an electric circuit, the coil produces a large field of electrical lines of force, constantly changing owing to the make and break arrangement of the tuning fork. If a telephone is brought into this electrical field, but without having any metallic or other visible connection with the circuit, it faithfully reproduces the musical sound of the tuning-fork. A telephone is not necessary,—the diaphragm of one is sufficient, or even a bar of iron. Further, the receiver may be placed at any distance apparently, within, say, a house, for so long as the diaphragm is properly situated as regards the lines of force, it reproduces the sounds though brick walls and many yards of air intervene. When the plane of the diaphragm is placed at right angles to the plane of the coil, both being on the same axial line, no sound is heard; but when the diaphragm is placed so that the lines of force can, so to speak, impinge upon it, the sounds are reproduced, although the diaphragm may be turned to almost any angle. The apparatus has been named the inductophone, and may possibly have an important bearing on the development of the telephone.

Fishing For Amber.

At Konigsberg, a few days ago, the right to collect amber on the beach near Schwarzort during a space of twelve years, from the 1st of December next, was sold to the firm of Becker and Co., which has held the contract during the last twenty four years. The price paid is 150,000 marks a year—say $37,000. The Prussian coast of the Baltic, between Memel and Konigsberg, yields more amber than any other known locality, and it is from this source that the great demand for the material in the east is supplied. Originally Konigsberg did a vast business in amber, having some seventy turners, but Dantzic is now the chief seat of the industry and notably of the manufacture of mouth-pieces for pipes. In old times the grand masters of the Teutonic order enjoyed a monopoly in the amber trade; tuen it passed to the crown, and very stringent regulations were enacted to prevent its infringement. "Strand-riders" patrolled the coast and a range of gallows were kept standing *in terrorem*, on which the hapless peasant taken with a piece of the precious material in his possession was hanged out of hand. Even now it is a theft for a person to retain a piece of amber he has picked up on the coast, and a trespass to venture there in certain districts. The amber, washed out of extensions of coal-beds beneath the sea, comes to the shore in the sea-weed cast up after a storm. The men drag the weed on shore in nets, and the women and children pick out the amber. In winter, when the sea is frozen over, holes are broken in the ice and the weed is hauled up with pikes and spears.

It is estimated that there are now within a radius of twenty miles around New York city no less than 1,500 "wheelmen," and that no less than 12,000 machines are scattered all over the country.

If you are willing to pay a fair price for your CLOTHING, and want to be sure of getting all you pay for, call on

SLEEPER & HOOD,

And select Your Garments from one of the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF CLOTHS

To be found in the City.

Remember We Warrant Every Garment to Fit.
☞SPECIAL PRICES FOR TRADE OUT OF THE CITY.

SLEEPER & HOOD, North Main St. **Concord, N. H.**
sept12 1y

FRESH ATTRACTIONS

—OF—

Special and Attractive

BARGAINS

—AT—

C. M. Boynton's!

We are now having a special sale of **Fancy Black Dress Goods,** and are offering some very fine goods at Lower Prices than we have ever been able to name before. Don't fail to examine this lot of goods, as the price will please close, sharp buyers.

600 YDS.!

We have just opened 600 yards of the best quality and choicest pattern in Spanish Laces that have been seen in the city this season. Also, GREAT SALES in Buttons, Parasols, Corsets, Hosiery, Ribbons, Gloves, Tennis Suitings, &c.

Gentlemen, walk slow when you pass C. M Boynton's, and go in and get one of those Ladies' or Gents' Vests for 25c; well worth 50c.

N. B. We send goods and samples by mail when desired and they can be returned if not satisfactory.

Remember this sale is at

—C. M. BOYNTON'S,—

Opposite Depot St., Central Block, **CONCORD, N. H.**
Jesamar15ly

The two Great Living Wonders in the World.

JUMBO AND BARNUM!

Great Attractions! Immense Crowds!

Coming July 4th.

Look Out for BARGAINS in Dry Goods

—AT—

BLANCHARD'S

New Goods Received Daily! Third Mark Down in Dress Goods this Season.

Having a very large stock of Spring and Summer All-wool Dress Goods, I wish to reduce them at once, and in order to do so, have made lower prices on them than was ever reached before in Concord, they are all New Goods and desirable shades and are really very cheap. Those in search of such goods can save **Car Fare** by buying them at **Blanchard's Store.**

In cheap dress goods the

New Reversible Suiting Cloth

is very desirable, making up very handsomely and at a small cost. We are selling them in black and white and brown and white checks for 12 1-2c a yard. Look at them when you come to see Jumbo.

300 Pieces Mosquito Netting in blue, green, white, black, &c., cheap. Handsome styles **Renfrew** and **Canton Ginghams,** 10c a yard. 1 Lot **Best Prints,** 6c a yard.

Shetland Shawls! Shetland Shawls!

White, grey, black, red and blue. Turkey red and white Table Covers, all sizes with napkins to match. Lace Lambrequins, Pillow Shams, Bed Spreads, &c. Ribbons, Laces, Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Hamburgs, Irish Trimmings, Swiss Embroidery, and everything usually kept in a first class Dry Goods and Small Wares Store.

☞Everything marked in plain figures and **Cheap.**

C. G. Blanchard,

North Main St., Concord, N. H.
jeas mar25 4m

THE MYSTERY OF
LOVE MAKING SOLVED
Or an Easy Road to Marriage.

A STRANGE & WONDERFUL BOOK!
Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller
And the Witches Key to Lucky Dreams.

Those in Love will find in this Book strange Secrets always hidden before to mankind, and an Easy Way to Marriage, also many Ancient Secrets that Married should know. Any Wife Neglected by her wayward Husband, this Book will surely restore him to his First love. It proves that Fallure to Win the object of your Choice is Impossible. We have ransacked every country to get these Secrets of Love Making. They will cause millions of Hearts and Hands to be United in Marriage. What strange things regarding Love Making you can find in this Book. If your Love is not reciprocated, this great Book will open with Vanishe—Old Madge can bring you Good Fortune—also to bar'ed door, and make Love's Pathway clear. Start Right upon her—She is powerful for Good or Evil—This Book settles the battle is Half Won! This Book sent by mail for 25 cents, or Two for Five 25 cent stamps. Two Books for 40 cents. Five Books for $1. Seven Books for $1.50. Seven Books and a Silver Lining.
Address, Sunshine Publishing House, Geneva, Ohio.

Parties visiting Concord are Cordially Invited to Visit

E. B. CRAPO'S

—NEW—

Trimming Store

Our Store is one of the Largest devoted exclusively to the sale of

DRESS TRIMMINGS

—AND—

SMALL WARES

In New England, and our Stock has Never Been Equalled in the State. Everything New and Novel the market affords, in

Ribbons, Lace, Gloves,

Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Hosiery, Corsets, Worsteds and Embroidery Material, Handkerchiefs, Skirts, Collars and Cuffs, Hoop skirts, Bustles, Hamburgs, Perfumery, Lubin's Perfumes 40 cts. per oz. Lundborg's Perfumes 20 cents. Fancy Soaps, Toilet Articles, Notions and Staple and Fancy Small Wares.

As we realize the fact that we have a trade to establish, we shall not make the mistake of marking our goods too high.

If impossible to visit us we shall be pleased to send samples or give any information desired, by mail.
jesaapr14tm

ONE PRICE.

Visit the Old Reliable Dry Goods House

—OF—

Sterns, Wimpfheimer & Co.

—OF—

Concord, N. H.

Here you will find the Largest Stock in the State, and also the **VERY LOWEST PRICES** all marked in Plain Figures.

This well known store for so many years under the management of the late F. B. UNDERHILL, is still The Popular Store of Concord.

We are offering such bargains as will convince you that it is the place to spend your money to the best advantage.

Being large importers of Black and Colored Silks and Satins we can and do Retail them at Wholesale Prices.

Among our Extensive Stock of Spring and Summer Dress Goods we have many bargains not found elsewhere and we make a specialty of Black Cashmeres and Black Dress Goods in General.

Our spring Sacques and Dolmans were manufactured expressly for us in New York City, and excel in Fit, Style and Quality. Our prices will at once commend them.

Cloths by the yard in great variety for those who wish to make their own garments.

Linen Damasks, Towels, Tickings, Shirtings, Scotch and American Ginghams, Prints, and in fact everything that you can expect to find in a First-class Dry Goods Store.

Our stock of Hosiery, Corsets, Gloves, Laces, Dress Trimmings and Fancy Goods, is far superior to any ever before offered. And we only ask you to visit our store, and we will guarantee **PERFECT SATISFACTION** or Money Refunded.

ONE PRICE.

may3 jesa8m

RUMNEY.

The welcome baker was in town last Wednesday.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances. Its action is peculiar, prompt and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient. Sufferers from chills and fever who have used quinine as a remedy will appreciate this. jesa 1t

O. W. Fales and wife have gone to Laconia to reside for a while.

C. A. Chase has bought the mica shop and is making additions and remodelling it in general for a dwelling house.

Mrs. F. W. Fellows has learned the art of dressmaking by the tailor system and is ready to do work at reasonable prices.

Widely known and extensively used is the verdict on Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for heart disease. Its sales are from Nova Scotia to California, and many are the testimonials received of the good it does. Pamphlet free of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. For sale by all druggists. jesa 1aug1

The Rev. J. D. Tilton has vacated the parsonage and gone to Sanbornton to reside.

Delay is dangerous. Thousands die yearly from heart disease in its various forms. As a certain relief for this most dreaded of diseases, we offer you Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. You can obtain a pamphlet free, treating on symptoms of heart disease, of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. For sale by all druggists.
jesa-1m-may16

Miss Frances A. George is teaching school in Ellsworth. R.
June 23.

A Lesson in Equestrianism.

Horseback riding as an art and as a beneficial exercise is one of the most judicious habits that one could cultivate. While it affords the equestrian every opportunity for the cultivation of graceful posing, it comprises all the healthful elements of the most invigorating pleasures. Like all else in this world, however, if indulged in immoderately, the results are extremely painful and oft times dangerous. Galled limbs and piles that itch intensely, particularly after getting warm in bed, are not unfrequently the outcome of excessive exercise in the saddle. In such cases, however, the evil can be thoroughly eradicated by applying Swayne's Ointment, which as a cure of piles, itching or otherwise, has no equal.
jesa tatg1

HEREDITARY TRAITS and OTHER ESSAYS. By Richard A. Proctor. Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Among all the popular expositors of Science in the English language, there is no author who excels Proctor in charm of style, in breadth of scholarship or in the faculty of making even the more arduous problems of science easy for the intelligence of the general reader. He is seen at his best in the admirable collection of essays named above, forming No. 32 of the series of cheap reprints of popular scientific works, known as the Humboldt Library. For sale by all booksellers and stationers.

C. M. Boynton of Concord, the well known merchant, has a new advertisement in another column of great bargains, etc., that is well worth reading.

WOODSTOCK.

E. H. Keniston, Auctioneer. P. O. Address, West Campton, N. H. Terms Reasonable. june10-jesa-201*

The Pemigewasset Valley railroad is progressing finely. The builders spare no pains to put the road in a good substantial condition. It will pass through an immense lumber region. There is an extra nice lot of lumber in the vicinity of East Branch such as pine, cedar, spruce, etc. Parties from New York, contemplate building a steam mill near J. W. Tuttle's in Lincoln in order to manufacture the lumber in that region.

A Powerful Contrast.

When the soldiers of the dark ages were attacked with tetter they could do naught but suffer. Medical science had not yet developed a cure. This labor of love and humane duty was left for Dr. Swayne, whose Ointment for skin diseases is as infallible in its results, as was the inspiring potency of Patrick Henry's memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death." jesa taug1

Mrs. Daniel Dearborn has a turkey that has 24 young turkeys. They are of the wild species brought from New York a few years since.

Colorado Excursions.

Colorado Round Trip Tourist Tickets at greatly reduced rates, via C., B. & Q. R. R., new Chicago and Denver Through Line, good during summer months and National Mining and Industrial Exposition in September, are now on sale and full particulars as to trains and rates can be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada.
jesa-8m-june1

Lewis Bagley got his foot caught in a land roller and hurt his toes very badly.
June 23. E.

THE GRAFTON COUNTY CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE

Embraces 20 churches, 12 of which were represented at the annual meeting at West Lebanon last week. The membership varies from three to 253; total, 2,016. The number of additions last year were 39 by profession and 35 by letter. There were 39 deaths, 44 dismissed and 2 excommunicated. The aggregate of benevolent contributions was about $4,000. There have been several changes in the ministry during the year. Rev. G. H. Scott has left Plymouth and Rev. H. P. Peck is installed in his place. Rev. T. C. Pratt has left Orfordville and that church is vacant; so also is the church at Orford, Rev. F. B. Knowlton having closed his labors there. Bristol has recently called a Mr. Pillsbury. Rev. A. L. Marden, for 21 years pastor at Piermont, died April 23. Rev. T. W. Durling was installed over the church at Wentworth last October. The opening sermon was by Rev. J. Q. Bittinger of Haverhill. Dr. Leeds of Hanover read a paper, "Our Creed." The topic, "Every Day Religion," was discussed by Deacons Deane and Willard. Charles P. Chase, Esq., of Hanover read an essay, "Mohammedanism and its relation to Missions," in which some very stirring facts were presented. Rev. E. H. Gresley of Concord addressed the conference on the ever fruitful theme, "Home Missions." Rev. Q. Blakely of Campton preached the communion sermon. Drs. Parker and Leeds officiated at the table assisted by Deacons Deane and Willard. Next meeting of the conference, June, 1883, with the church at Lyme, Rev. E. P. Butler, pastor. SIGMA.
June 16.

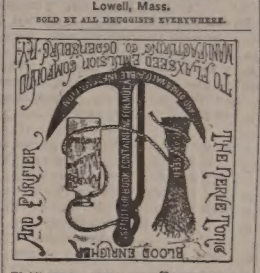
Perhaps no medicine is so universally required as a good cathartic. Swayne's Pills are prepared expressly to meet this necessity being composed of purely vegetable ingredients of which podophyllin or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock and other concentrated juices enter largely into their composition; the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. They are mild in their operation and are truly a valuable aperient and anti-bilious medicine. They stimulate the liver to healthy action, cleanse the stomach and bowels of all impurities. Curing sick and nervous headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, biliousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, aching pains, aches, slight chills, with flashes of heat and female irregularities. For a bilious and costive habit, no medicine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for them.
jesa 1y jan26

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures **Scrofula** and **all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.**

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay, It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



FLAX-SEED EMULSION COMPOUND!

A SUPERIOR COMBINATION OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES WITH THE FLAX-PRODUCING PROPERTIES OF FLAX-SEED.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.
Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Co.

GENTLEMEN,—After a long and thorough trial in my own family of Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound, and observing its excellent effects wherever used for the diseases for which it is prepared, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a preparation in which you cannot place too much confidence. I have not only seen its wonderful effects in my own family but I have personally recommended it to many others and in every instance it has accomplished more than my most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. I am confident there are now thousands suffering with chronic and acute Rheumatism if they could obtain and use Flax Seed Emulsion Compound their unqualified support would be given to it. The effects produced by it in Nervous Prostration and in Paralysis are but little short of the marvelous, some of my own personal friends suffering from Paralysis having been restored by its use.
Very Truly Yours,
SIDNEY BROWN.
Vice President of the Ogd. National Bank.

SWANTON, IOWA, August 30th, 1881
Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound Man'f Co

GENTLEMEN,—Six weeks ago I came to this place from Brookfield, Vermont, to see and care for a sister who had been suffering for more than a year with nervous prostration, entirely unfitting her for household cares or work, and for the past six months has not been able to care for herself, and at times could not collect her thoughts enough to make her wants known. When I saw what a condition she was in I hadn't any heart to do anything for her. I thought she must die soon. Before starting from Vermont I obtained through the kindness of a friend at Williamstown one bottle of your Flax-Seed Emulsion Compound. My sister commenced taking the Emulsion soon after my arrival, and I am happy to say her symptoms are very much more favorable. The past week she has given directions to her kitchen maid about her work, and has wiped dishes for her, things she has not done for six months before. The doctors here have not done her any good at all.
Yours respectfully
MARY A. PINK.

In her letter dated Dec. 13, 1881, she says; I have taken pains to recommend your medicine as far as I could, but my sister is a living witness, and I would say that no better recommending recommendation. People are obliged to acknowledge that F. S. E. Compound has done wonders for her.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1882.

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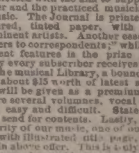

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